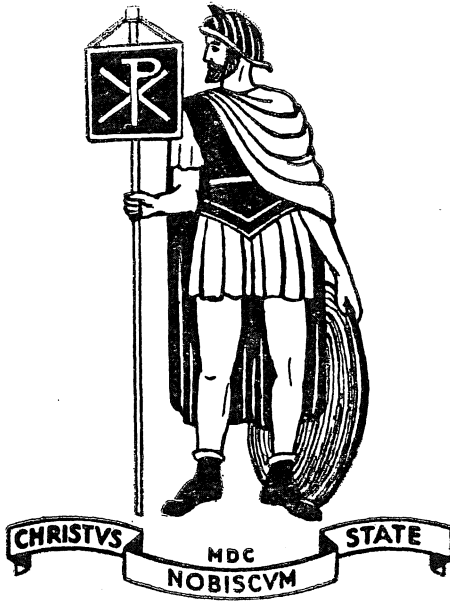


The

Alcester Grammar



School Record

March, 1956

# Alcester Grammar School Record

No. 113

MARCH, 1956

EDITOR: MR. V. V. DRULLER

COMMITTEE:

Ann Swinglehurst, Beryl Pope, Pinfield, Finnemore

## SCHOOL REGISTER

### VALETE

\*Birch, G.D. (VI), 1952-55  
Compson, A. R. (VI), 1950-55.  
\*Cooke, P. C. (VI), 1950-55.  
Palmer, S. A. (VI), 1950-55.  
Bennett, J. L. (VA), 1950-55.

Burden, J. M. (VA), 1950-55.  
Gardner, C. S. (VA), 1950-55.  
Brazier, D. G. (VB), 1951-55.  
Billington, K. (IVB), 1953-55.

*Omitted last term*

Sawyer, R. L. (IVB), 1951-55.

\* Prefect

### SALVETE

Edwards, A. J. (Ib).

*Omitted last term*

Ross, N. C. (IIIb).

## OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD

*President* : J. Stewart

*Treasurer* : Mrs. D. Taylor

*Secretary* : H. Canning

## Winter Reunion

The Winter Reunion of the Guild was held at School on Saturday, December 17th. The occasion was marked by the presentation by the Guild to the School of a carved oak lectern for use at morning assembly. The lectern is inscribed: "Presented by the Old Scholars' Guild to mark the service of old scholars in World War II, 1939-45." The presentation was made by Mrs. M. Feast, the retiring president, and was acknowledged with gratitude by the Headmaster and by Mr. G. R. Mason, Chairman of the Governors.

At the business meeting, held earlier in the evening, the election of officers took place, as follows:—

*President*—J. Stewart.

*Secretary*—H. Canning

*Treasurer*—Mrs. D. Taylor.

*Assistant Secretary*—Mrs. J. Hunt.

*Committee*—G. P. Baylis, M. Feast, N. Williams, B. Slaughter, C. Hartwell, C. Strain, F. Highman, L. Hartwell, T. Savage, H. Feast, J. Mahoney, V. Stone.

Hearty thanks were expressed to the retiring president, Mrs. M. Feast, for the devoted work she had done for the Guild.

### **Dances**

Successful dances have been organised at Great Alne and at the Crawford Memorial Hall.

Another dance is being arranged to be held in the Town Hall, Alcester, on Easter Tuesday. It is hoped that a large number of Old Scholars will give this dance their support.

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### **BIRTHS**

- On August 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Bladon (née Beryl Stallard)—a daughter.
- On November 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Allport (née Mary Austin)—a son.
- On November 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Bomford (née Joan Collins)—a daughter.
- On December 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Powell (née June Milward)—a daughter.

### **MARRIAGES**

- On December 3rd, at Arrow, Roy Randall (scholar 1940-43) to Joan Margaret Waring (scholar 1945-51).
- On December 31st, at Shottery, Kenneth Geden to Patricia Ann Tipping (scholar 1947-51).
- On December 31st, at Bidford-on-Avon, George Moore to Josephine Holder (scholar 1944-49).
- On January 6th, at Alcester, James Henry Symonds to Marie Craddock (scholar 1946-51).
- On February 11th, at Studley, Peter Derek Hale (scholar 1939-45) to Sylvia M. Jones.

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### **OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS**

Elizabeth Hurst (née Harris) is now living in Zanzibar.

\* \* \* \*

Diana Hunt, who has been on leave from India during the autumn and winter, has been lecturing at a number of schools and colleges during her stay in England.

Mrs. Roderic Hughes has been appointed chairman of the English Ladies' Golf Association, and an English councillor to the Ladies' Golf Union; she has also been made a member of the English selection committee.

\* \* \* \*

Myra Parry (née Jones) has for the past eighteen months been Organising Secretary of the Girls' Friendly Society in the Gloucester diocese.

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### A KASHMIRI BUS JOURNEY

Fifteen minutes before the time of departure, the bus is already full. I watch the coolie put my luggage on top, hoping it is really secure, and climb into the seat by the driver's. In the two rows behind me are Indian families, on holiday like myself, and at the back, country people returning to their villages.

A woman behind me is giving an account to her husband: "Ice cream, four annas; nuts, eight annas; coolie, six annas."

Farther back a man is arguing with his coolie: "Twelve pieces of luggage—are you sure there are twelve pieces?"

We are due to leave at one thirty, but at one thirty-five there is no sign of the driver. "Are we going today or not?" shouts someone at the back. Ten minutes later a brown hand comes through the hole in the top of the wooden door on my left and secures the bolt. The driver climbs in beside me, a ruffianly-looking individual in a grey pullover and a brown astrakhan pillbox hat. He crouches over the wheel, his handlebar moustaches upright and reflecting his determination. His assistant cranks the engine with a long steel rod, and climbs in at the back door as we move off.

Five minutes later we stop for petrol. There is much backchat, in Kashmiri, between the driver and the man at the pump. Now, at last, we are really on our way. On our left, behind the rice fields, the grey mountains rise sharply, and beyond them the snow-capped peaks. From time to time a would-be traveller waves hopefully at the bus, which slows down—but it is only to change gear, as already it is full to overflowing.

The first twenty miles or so are uneventful, apart from bumps and jolts and clouds of dust rising from the rough, dry roads. We reach a village, and stop while the driver deals with the question of tolls. The collector sits at his table in the shade of a chenar tree, surrounded by a group of shouting, gesticulating people. The passengers become impatient. "Hé, driver sahib, let's get going!" Off we go again, along the dusty road, passing men with lean reddish-brown faces, wearing close-fitting skull caps and wrapped in heavy brown blankets, on foot or mounted on ponies. We reach another village. Chickens and goats scatter at our approach. We stop in the narrow street, because a passenger wants to post a letter. Out in the country again, we pass women taking tea to their husbands, in samovars balanced on their heads. We cross a rushing torrent by means of a precarious wooden bridge, and come to a big village, stopping in a shady open space by a clear stream. All the passengers alight. I sit by the

stream, while the driver's assistant dives under my seat and extracts tools with which he begins to tinker with the engine. The village children stand round me, looking at me with interest out of their big, brown eyes. "Come, memsahib," calls the assistant. "We are going." But that is too much to hope for. This time, no amount of cranking will start the engine. Soon both driver and assistant are crouched on the bonnet, tearing in strips an old rag and using it to bind up something inside.

At last we move again. We are beginning to climb now, and the mountains are nearer. Soon, clouds of steam are rising from the bonnet and we stop by a stream to pour in water and cool the engine. The land is fresh and green. "How good the water is here, even the animals are happy," says the woman behind me, pointing to the plump fowls and the goats grazing by the roadside. On we go again, stopping from time to time for more water, and once to pick up a calm-faced Kashmiri girl in a long red robe and white headdress, sitting patiently waiting with her baby in her lap. I watch the milestones anxiously, recalling the ominous notice on the back of my ticket—"the company is not liable in any way for accidents and subsequent results"—for the road becomes steeper and steeper, the engine needs constant attention, and the heat rising from it through the floorboards under my feet is almost unbearable. But the driver has no misgivings. He goes stolidly on, till a roar from the back brings us once more to a halt. Someone's luggage has fallen off. The large sack is rescued and replaced, the engine once more cooled, and now we can see the buildings of the village of our destination ahead of us.

The bus comes to a stop in the main street, and is at once surrounded by a crowd of shouting coolies. "Memsahib, memsahib!" I select one of them and wait for the assistant to hand down my luggage. "This is the memsahib's," he shouts, giving my packages to the coolie, and I set off to the camp, thankful to have arrived safely and with all my belongings intact.

DIANA HUNT (scholar 1927-38).

### NOTES AND NEWS

The Spring Term opened on Tuesday, January 10th, and closes on Wednesday, March 28th.

\* \* \* \*

The junior and senior country dance parties were held on Friday, 16th, and Monday, 19th December, respectively.

\* \* \* \*

The Sixth Form Party took place on the evening of Wednesday, December 28th.

\* \* \* \*

On the evening of Wednesday, November 30th, some members of the Sixth, with Miss Webley and Miss Nettleton, attended a performance of "King Lear" at the Memorial Theatre.

Five members of the Sixth visited Birmingham on Wednesday, November 16th, to see a performance of "Hamlet."

\* \* \* \*

In a football match, played against the Old Scholars, on Saturday, December 17th, the result was a draw, two goals each.

\* \* \* \*

The handsome oak lectern, presented to the School by the Old Scholars' Guild, was used for the first time on Monday, December 19th.

\* \* \* \*

At the end of last term Mrs. K. M. Harrison left the Staff. This term we welcome in her place Miss K. M. Sim.

\* \* \* \*

The picture for the tidiest form room was awarded to Form 1A.

\* \* \* \*

Rosalie Bolt has been appointed a prefect this term.

\* \* \* \*

On Saturday, January 28th, the hockey match against the Old Scholars resulted in a goalless draw.

\* \* \* \*

On the results of the Oxford G.C.E. last July, University awards have been made by the County to: Cleeton, Davis, Keyte and Barbara Harrison. Sheila Hall and Miller also qualified.

\* \* \* \*

The Annual Speech Day took place at the Alcester Cinema on Thursday, February 2nd, the address being given by the Rev. Canon E. F. Braley, of Worcester. A large gathering of governors, parents and friends returned to School for tea in the canteen.

\* \* \* \*

On Wednesday, February 15th, a party of the Upper School, accompanied by Mr. McAlister, visited Birmingham to see a performance of "Le Voyageur sans Bagage," by Anouilh, presented by Le Cercle Français of Birmingham University.

\* \* \* \*

During the Christmas holidays, both girls' and boys' cloakrooms were repainted by the decorators.

\* \* \* \*

In December, Mr. E. W. Alexander, who was a member of the Staff from 1920 to 1924, and Mrs. Alexander, celebrated their golden wedding. It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Mrs. Alexander on January 11th.

\* \* \* \*

Old scholars, who remember Miss H. Dobson, will be sorry to hear that she has been seriously ill. We now learn that she is making a good recovery.

Former pupils of Miss Slote will join us in wishing her happiness in her marriage, which, we are informed, took place a short time ago.

\*       \*       \*       \*

Mr. B. W. Barker, of Birmingham University, has been with us for the greater part of the term, practising the teaching of English.

\*       \*       \*       \*

Mr. K. E. W. Garrett, of Birmingham Academy of Art, has been with us studying the teaching of Art for the last month of term.

\*       \*       \*       \*

Half-term holiday was Friday and Monday, February 17th and 20th.

\*       \*       \*       \*

The annual cross-country races were run on Wednesday, February 29th. Finnemore won the senior event for the second successive year, and White was winner of the junior event.

### IN WEST AFRICA

November 3rd, 1955, saw me setting out on a 12,000-mile adventure in West Africa; my companions—five other women and six men, drawn from all walks of life and of differing interests in the United Kingdom. There were farmers, technicians, secretaries, students, police and teachers, such as myself. We were representing young people here in the U.K., and were touring the Gold Coast and Nigeria with the prime object of getting to know the peoples of these countries, and to attempt to bring about a better understanding between our country and theirs. We certainly made many good friends, and felt we really did get to know the people, because we stayed with African families throughout the tour.

Air travel took us out to Accra, Gold Coast, in three leisurely days, enabling us to have a glimpse of Biarritz, Tangier, Bathurst and Freetown on our way out. Almost three months were spent touring West Africa, and at the latter end of our tour we covered the same ground as did Her Majesty the Queen in her February tour of Nigeria. At home, in the paralysing cold of February, I remembered the heat and humidity of Lagos, and also the many happy days I had spent in West Africa every time I heard a bulletin report or newsreel of Her Majesty's tour.

In Lagos, we met the Governor General, Sir James Robertson, and were shown the apartments being prepared for the Royal visit. Seeing the place in which the Queen and the Duke would stand to receive their guests and discussing the arrangements with Sir James and Lady Robertson, was almost as good as being present, and has since helped me to visualise the scene at home.

After visiting Government House, attending garden parties, cocktail parties, civic receptions, etc., we often experienced startling changes when we stayed at leper colonies, visited the village people in their mud and thatch houses, explored tropical forests, tin mines, and were guests of honour at a tribal dancing display.

Many and very varied were our impressions of the trip, but several of us, I am sure, will remember the hold magic, or ju-ju, has on the African in his daily life. I saw evidences of this in Lagos market, where the stalls and traders are packed as close as hens in a battery and each trader (always a woman) has her pile of wares before her. The herbalists' and witchdoctors' stalls were fascinating, loaded with all sorts of leaves, pods and lumps of clay or chalk, each claiming medicinal properties, and with ju-ju objects of many kinds, most of which defied recognition, though one could identify the tiny skulls of monkeys, wings of bats, and small birds, the antlers of a baby deer, dog's paws, bundles of feathers, etc.—and all the stall holders doing a brisk trade! Sickness is cured, apparently, if the resultant powder mixed from the ashes of burnt feathers, scrapings from a monkey's skull and dried bat's-wing is swallowed!

Apart from this lifting of a corner of the mantle hiding the primitive man in Africa today, his other side, too, is very much in evidence. The modern buildings—many new schools, universities, cathedrals and hospitals—are springing up. Kumasi hospital, for example, is unequalled elsewhere in Africa for its ultra-modern equipment. It cost five million pounds to build. West Africa has its own all-African governments, modelled upon Westminster. Very impressive, too, are the buildings, as we likewise found the ministers themselves when we were introduced.

Before closing this all-too-brief resumé, we must not omit mention of its music. In peace and in war, in happiness and in sorrow, the drum has always played an important part in African life. It summons the people to councils, warns them of the approach of danger, brings news from the outside world, beats a rhythm for the dances, and adds a touch of dignity and solemnity at tribal gatherings and religious ceremonies. "They dance for joy and they dance for grief; they dance for love and they dance for hate; they dance to bring prosperity and they dance to avert calamity; they dance for religion and they dance to pass the time" (G. Gower).

JANET BAMFORD (née Davies—scholar 1942-50).

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### **IT'S ALMOST A WOMAN'S WORLD**

This is the age of the well-earned emancipation of women. At last they have won the right to cast off the heavy shackles of imaginary male superiority. Yet many women do not take advantage of the opportunities which are open to them, but choose, rather, to devote their lives to the meek servitude of a mere male, so that their minds can embrace no problems other than the feeding of the insatiable stomachs of their husbands. Why is this? This tendency to take second place arises only from the acquired custom of centuries.

It all began in the days of primitive man, when survival depended entirely on physical capabilities. While her skin-clad husband traversed the countryside in search of food the cave-woman had to remain patiently in the cavern tending the fire and awaiting the return of the huntsman.



In the legendary age of King Arthur the fair damsel sat working her exquisite embroidery in her tower while her valiant knight galloped out on his noble steed to join the battle.

So, through the ages, the gentle, peace-loving women grew accustomed to playing second fiddle to their stronger-bodied husbands, and gradually acquired the habit of inferiority, which they handed down to their daughters. It became almost a disgrace to be born a female. Thus, looking back in history, we find that there were no great women poets, artists, writers or composers. They would not have dared to set up in opposition to the men!

At last, however, the time has come in England, when brain, and not brawn, ensure success, and as a result women are at last beginning to take their rightful positions alongside the men in the universities, the professions and the world of sport, and to win positions formerly occupied by men alone. In spite of this, men still think in their hearts that they are far superior, even if they profess to uphold the theory of equality for women. "Poor things," they think. "They wouldn't have made much progress without our help."

If the young women of the world took all the chances now offered them, and refused to allow their fine and sensitive personalities to be swamped by the bombastic attitude of the men, the illusion of female inferiority would be shattered for ever.

BERYL POPE (VI).

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### THE VISITOR

"It must be all of five years now since we first met the gentleman, sir," I said to my companion. But I will tell you what happened to cause our merriment.

On the previous Sunday we had started to divide a room into two, to form a living room and a scullery. As you know, our house is an architect's nightmare, and few of the walls are upright and few of the floors level. The first thing we looked for before beginning the work was an ancient, gnarled, creosoted oaken gate post. We succeeded in finding, in the local builder's yard, one which suited us down to the ground. It was eight feet long and four inches square, and in places bore the remains of many old spikes, which we have since cursed heartily and often.

This post was used as a corner post and also as part of the doorway. When the scullery was finished the post stood out beautifully, and was the ideal companion for so many similar beams which can be found in our house.

One summer morning a large car drew up near our house and a young couple got out. The gentleman asked if he could show his wife round the house, explaining that his grandmother once lived in an adjoining, and similar, cottage. "Certainly," said my father, in reply to his request. "Come in."

The couple complied. And straightaway the gentleman walked to the post that we had placed there a matter of days ago and said: "Look, my dear—look at this magnificent old beam. Just imagine the centuries this has seen pass by. And the tales it could tell if only it could speak."

Of course we could not disillusion him, and so, when they had had a look round and a cup of tea, we showed them the beauties of the countryside and said goodbye.

I doubt if the gentleman ever realised his genuine and excusable mistake, or the hilarity that it caused in our small household. But it goes to show that you should not judge by appearances.

D. SHEPPARD (VA).

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### PIGEON SHOOTING

Pigeon shooting, to some people, may seem cruel, but it is absolutely necessary if the pigeon population is to be kept in check. Since the disappearance of the rabbit the pigeon has become the number one pest, and it is quite common to see crops which are just blue with them.

To combat this, every year organised pigeon shoots are held. These start at the beginning of February and continue for six consecutive Saturdays. The shoots take place in all the woods throughout the county, the idea of which is to shoot the pigeons as they come in to roost.

The number of pigeons shot on any one day largely depends on the weather conditions. The best results occur when there is a strong wind or fog, which causes them to fly low, and in the case of fog the shooter is less conspicuous. This last point is very important because once the pigeons have spotted you they turn off almost at right angles in search of a safer path.

We usually start for the wood at about 3.30 p.m. and take up our positions, arranged so as to cover as much of the wood as possible. Soon after our arrival the first pigeons fly in and try to settle, but they are given a rather unexpected welcome. When they do settle, however, it is not usual to stalk them, as, sooner or later, a shot will be fired nearby and they will fly over guns further up the wood. If a drove does settle within range, then it is possible to get what is termed a "sitter," but the thrill does not even start to compare with that of shooting a flying bird.

The main object is to keep the pigeons on the move and, as a result, they fly in droves up and down the wood, decreasing in numbers slowly. Here, the emphasis is on slowly, because one or two birds out of so many is hardly noticeable. This goes on until it is dark, when we make our way back to our meeting place. Here we calculate the total result and discuss the ones that we should have had, but that had got away.

At the end of it all we make our way home with anything from one to a dozen birds, and the satisfaction of a good day's shooting, irrespective of the number we missed.

M. P. FINNEMORE (VI).

### DAWN

The sky is dark, dull and lifeless. All around animals, and people, sleep. Long ago all the cats finished their nocturnal prowling and they, too, are in pleasant slumber. An owl hoots eerily in the distance; it seems that he is the only one awake. A squeal shrilly echoes through the night as a mouse is caught by the owl, and carried squirming, trying to wriggle free of its captor's claws, across the fields to the owl's lair.

After this sudden outburst, all is still once more. The owl, too, has finished his prowling for the night. He is not, however, the only one it seems who is on the lookout for food; Renard, the fox, is slipping silently through the tall grass towards the hen house, where he hopes to acquire the food that he needs so badly. His eyes glint as he thinks of the fat, tasty hens he will be able to eat, if only he can penetrate into that hen house. Stealthily, Renard covers the distance between himself and his objective. He reaches the wire around the hen house and begins scratching near to it, until only his tail can be seen above the ground. His head peeps up on the other side of the wire; quickly and quietly he reaches the hen house itself. Slipping quickly inside, he sees the hens sleeping. He looks around for the fattest, and, finding it, pounces on it and runs as fast as he can to the wire and safety. The other hens in the house scream and screech and awaken the farmer. But by the time he arrives Renard is merely a speck in the distance. Vowing to shoot Renard on sight the next time, the farmer stops up the hole beneath the wire and retires to bed once more.

The dark clouds are parting slowly, showing pale, grey light; they turn to silver as more and more appear. All the trees and hedges are outlines black against the silver-grey sky. Dew is twinkling on the grass. A warmth is creeping over the earth. Shafts of pale light penetrate into the fleeing black clouds. A red tinge appears on the horizon, gradually spreading over the skies. Everything is bathed in glowing red. The sun peeps over the horizon and slowly rises in the sky.

It is dawn, and all around creatures are awakening from their slumber. A yellow colour is taking the place of the red, everything is bright and clean. It seems impossible that only a few minutes ago the world was dull and lifeless. It seems uncanny that such a great change should have happened in so short a time, but that is the beauty of dawn.

PAMELA BUSKIN (VB).

### A SNOW SCENE

During the dinner hour on a bitterly cold day, I looked through the geography room window, only to blink my eyes at the sight of a glaring white blanket of snow. Except for a few footprints, this snow was undisturbed.

In the centre of the hockey field was a large white snowball, closely resembling candy-floss in appearance. To the right of me I could see a tree, partly snow-covered, gleaming and glittering majestically against a mournful black sky.

Long, cool sparkling icicles hung from the roof, while the ice on the waste-paper basket looked like some enchanting network, which clearly reflected the glowing red sun.

A slight breeze blew the snow into a drift which folded this way and that, and looked for all the world like whipped cream.

I then decided to go outside and enjoy more fully the coming of the snow. I shuddered, wondering why England is said to have a temperate climate. Then, all of a sudden a shattering noise rang out and broke the eerie silence. It was the dinner bell. I then raced over to the canteen, fully appreciating its warmth and comfort.

RITA TAYLOR (IVB).

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### THE NURSERY SLOPES FOR ME!

In the recent snowfall this winter, I decided to try my hand at winter sports. I had read in the papers that the best slopes for sledging and ski-ing were the Lickey Hills, and so I made for that region.

When I arrived on the scene, there were so many sporty types, with speedy, craftsman-made sledges, all beautifully finished in dashing reds and blues, that I felt decidedly inferior with my sledge, which is made of a few planks of wood, and a bent pram handle for runners. However, I trudged forward, dragging my reluctant sledge over several slightly undulating mounds, till I reached the experts' run.

This was a terrifying drop whose distance was inestimable, as an impenetrable mist entirely enshrouded the range of hills. I was deterred from going down by the fact that only a few brave people were having a go, and even they looked nervous. The procedure they went through was quite a treat to watch. The intrepid tobogganers took a few hasty steps, flung themselves on the sledge and disappeared, diving and bumping over intervening ridges into an uncharted murk, and as, during the time I was watching, none of them seemed to return, I was quite resolved not to attempt the run. So, thinking of the old adage that discretion is the better part of valour, I beat a hasty retreat from the precipice.

DIANA ROBERTS (IVA).

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### SIXTH FORM NOTES

This term the sixth form room has become far more densely populated. Almost all of the sixth form has been there during the dinner hour, with one or two exceptions. One of these has been the prefect on "field and playground" duty, bearing through snow and ice his blazer with a strange device—the prefect's badge, which renders him liable to violent snow-balling on sight. The other absentees have been those few prefects playing cards with other forms (with disastrous results), and a well-known "woolly" member, banished from our midst since (*horresco referens*) a disturbance during a dinner hour.

The main occupations of most of us not on duty, however, have been either to look through ancient editions of "Punch" or admiringly watch Finnemore perform untold miracles on the insides of sundry ancient clocks which have appeared in our midst. Football on the playground has been rendered impossible, both by the almost ever-present layer of snow and by the fact that all balls have, by devious routes, found their way onto the roofs.

Speculation has been aroused by the news that the sixth form is to become the Valhalla of all chairs. Regular importations have taken place; various vile and decrepit objects have arrived, while the comparatively luxurious stacking chairs, and that type which makes an interesting explosive sound when the occupant removes himself, have departed to other, less peaceful, environments. We now have to perch ourselves gingerly on the edge of chairs instead of leaning back comfortably as in days gone by. As yet, the ancient warriors have only shown disapproval by ominous creaks, but who can say when one of them will yield under the generous bulk possessed by several of us?

A general feeling of tension has pervaded free periods shared by science and arts students this term. When not actually engaged in "fixing" answers, the former group persist in employing technical language, liberally interspersed with attempted sarcasm, calculated to impress their more cultured comrades. Actual violence has been less frequent, but the underlying hostile feeling remains. Surely, more satisfaction would be gained if the scientists learned to write and entered an article in the RECORD, pointing out their views on the controversy instead of prolonging a pointless antagonism which can have no better result than bloodshed.

We conclude in the hope that this article may be the means of ending the actual physical conflict, and may cause a more subtle method of manifesting their feelings to be employed by the bellicose boffins.

MARY JAMES AND D. E. SALE.

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### OLLA PODRIDA

P.A. informs us that she has done no history notes since 1681.

\* \* \* \*

While sandwiches were being prepared on Speech Day, it was remarked that one of the hard-boiled eggs looked a fowl mess. A paltry comment!

\* \* \* \*

A puzzled first former was heard to inquire in a mathematics lesson whether L.C.M.'s had any connection with a certain meat shop.

\* \* \* \*

According to the Science Sixth, the volume of a cone is one ice cream.

\* \* \* \*

The Saxons came to Britain with sword, spears and Bren guns, says D.B.

A.T. attributes the fact that all his calculus answers are correct to his being the only scientist who can read the answers at the back of the book.

\* \* \* \*

These two fifth formers, having layed out the sandwages for the team, departed.

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### AT THE LIBRARY

Between shelves four and five was standing a most peculiar female. On her fast-greying mop of permed curls stood a leopard-skin hat, shaped like a sand castle. I was surprised to see a pair of startlingly blue eyes looking out from under bushy eyebrows. A leopard-skin jacket covered her sloping shoulders, and just failed to hide a nut-brown sweater. Below the jacket could be seen a skirt. It is rather difficult to define the colour of this dingy garment, but I think it must be some shade of green as yet unknown to me. Her feet were snug in leopard-skin boots, while thick stockings encased her legs. She gave me the impression that her word was law, that she was used to giving orders, and to having her own way.

Near her stood a young man, browsing through the volumes on Titian. His expression was one of intense seriousness. His broad brow receded into a clump of wavy brown hair, and his chin was adorned with a Vandyke beard. A sombre grey mackintosh hung from his shoulders. He wore grey trousers and suede shoes. A pair of dark-rimmed glasses gave him a studious appearance, and one could well imagine him to be studying art in Paris.

I also saw a very vital little man, wearing a corduroy cap, riding mackintosh and Wellington boots. He moved spasmodically from shelf to shelf, finishing by planting himself in front of the "Economic Development in India." Having seized "Strikes," he skipped through its pages at a pace calculated to loosen the strongest binding. Dissatisfied, he flung "Strikes" back onto the shelf and departed with "Trade Unions" under his arm.

It was time to choose my own book now—I wonder if anyone is describing a "lanky" girl?

GILLIAN CLEWS (III<sup>A</sup>).

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### WAR AND MANKIND

Since the time when the first historical records were ever consigned to papyrus, and probably before that time, man has always coveted his neighbour's property and has always sought to obtain it by force.

In the earliest times, disputes raged between two men over a small possession, such as a morsel of food or a piece of hide to warm their bodies. Later it was the same old story, except that the controversy would arise over an ox or an ass.

Then man found that, with a little persuasion, other men would join him in his cause, and so birth was given to the first primitive prototype of gang warfare. Small bands of hill dwellers made periodic raids upon their more peaceful brethren of the plains. Man found that he could live in this way without undue labour, snatching the fruits of other men's toil. But the other men had other ideas! To protect themselves, they fortified their villages, dug ditches and built walls to keep themselves reasonably intact from the marauding bandits.

Thus, nations were formed. The plain dwellers banded together in the idea that unity was strength; the bandits did likewise, and so two nations were born, already with an enmity between them.

For nearly 2,000 years the world struggled along, in an existence based on these lines, with man still eyeing his neighbour with distrust and envy. Periodically, one nation would fling itself upon another under some pretext of giving it aid. In this fashion stronger nations expanded their territories; weaker ones dropped out of existence.

At this stage came a repeat on a large scale, of man persuading man to join him in his cause. Two nations joined together to destroy a third.

This step brought total war within reach of man's grasping fingers. No longer did the fighting just concern two men, or even two nations, but practically the whole earth.

In 1914 came a war which tore Europe into two segments and left its mark indelibly on the face of the land and the minds of the people. From evil cometh good, or so the pacifists hoped. This, however, was not to be, for, from this dreadful conflict, there arose no Angel of Peace, for, only twenty years later, another shadow fell across the face of the earth, and in 1939, nation again took up arms against nation, and for the second time in twenty-five years the earth found itself in the throes of a world war.

Even when this was terminated peace never graced the earth with its presence. Petty skirmishes have been going on ever since, and it seems that with all man's ingenuity and skill, one thing he will never be able to obtain is peace.

N. J. PINFIELD (VI).

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### WILLIE

My sister has a budgie,  
Who talks to us each day.  
He says his name is Willie,  
And copies what we say.

He's very, very clever;  
He does the queerest tricks,  
And if we ask: "How many?"  
He counts as far as six.

His feathers are like emeralds,  
With yellow ones as well,  
And when it's time to go to bed,  
We ring his little bell.

ISABEL HIGHMAN (IA).

### A WINTER DAY

One winter morning when I woke  
To find the world all white,  
With patterns on the window panes,  
It filled me with delight.

The friendly robins sat and chirped  
For crumbs of any sort,  
But greedy blackbirds frightened them,  
And ate without a thought.

And there were icicles from the roof  
Which glistened in the sun.  
The meadow pond was frozen, too;  
We skated and had such fun.

A snowman in the garden stood,  
With hat and buttons bright.  
We threw our snowballs at his head,  
He was soon a sorry sight.

JULIA BAILEY (1A).

### HOORAH

What's this that's coming down the street  
With noise and laughter loud,  
And children dancing everywhere?  
Oh, what a jolly crowd!

And hark, that's music I can hear,  
From flute and big bass drum,  
From bugle, trumpet, tambourine,  
Trombone, euphonium.

And see the horses prancing there  
(The rider looks so frail).  
And elephants, each with his trunk  
Wrapped round another's tail.

And now I see. Oh no, I don't.  
Yes, yes, a real live clown.  
Hoorah, hoorah, what fun we'll have,  
The circus is in town!

JACQUELINE RAMSAY (11A).

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### ALL IN A LIFETIME

During the war, when living on the outskirts of Birmingham, my father reinforced a broom cupboard under the stairs by placing heavy planks up the staircase, leaving just a narrow tread to enable people to walk up. On the night of the heavy Birmingham raid my uncle called to see how they were getting along, as the bombing had been fairly heavy in their area.



They decided to take their lives in their hands, and ventured to the kitchen to make a cup of tea. As electricity and gas were quite unobtainable, water had to be boiled on a primus stove, and their only lighting was a candle. Suddenly there was an unearthly crash and they were all quite sure that one of the bedroom ceilings had fallen in.

Father grabbed the candle, and with uncle following, made for the stairs, climbing them with difficulty, owing to the narrow foothold. It seemed a lifetime until my mother could hear the two men's footsteps in the back bedroom. All was quiet for a few moments when, from out of the silence, came a noise like all the banshees in Ireland. It was known later as the "screaming bomb."

As they tried to make a quick exit from the bedroom the candle went out. Tearing along the landing and making for the stairs, my father and uncle forgot all about the planks covering them. The speed with which they descended the stairs would have made Roger Bannister retire.

Landing with a mighty crash in the hall, after taking the grandfather clock with them, they ended up by the front door, with father wearing the pendulum and weights around his neck like a lord mayor's chain of office.

JOAN COLLIER (III<sup>B</sup>).

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## CONVERSAZIONE II

On the first Friday of the term a party from the School visited the Annual Conversazione, held at the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

Having arrived, we deposited coats and similar appendages and, roaming far and wide through mazes of scientific apparatus, got lost. Some of us perambulated rather vaguely, finding numerous articles of interest, until an exhibition of cacti and succulents was observed, hovering in the vicinity whereof I was appalled at the un-sixth-form-like comments uttered by passing students, such as "Coo, look, a woolly one" or "Oo, my hand!" and felt that these lacked the appreciative quality required of scholars inspecting examples of Nature's wonderful methods of modification of her many products to suit life in the desolate and barren areas of the universe. Thence we found our way to an exhibition of furnished aquaria, where a fifth former showed his simple, scientific, non-aesthetically minded nature by ignoring the tanks in favour of a model yacht.

We then visited a film show, where most of our group had congregated. Here was revealed to us the glory of the screen in 1896. Such stirring, picturesque scenes as "Démolition d'un mur" delighted our enraptured gaze. I suppose we were enthralled by the unspoilt natural beauty of it. There followed a true "transposition d'art," the pictorial representation of a Minuet by Mozart. It warrants further description. A series of short, squat grub-like objects floated majestically into sight, performed several rhythmic revolutions and disappeared. We were especially interested by a quartet of revoltingly bloated manifestations, which whirled madly round before vanishing.

Leaving the film show, we took advantage of the refreshments provided, and separated. I became utterly lost and as the hands of my watch crept ominously towards 9.30, the hour appointed for our leaving, I became rather worried. However, I soon caught sight of a black, red-badged blazer passing through a door, and sensing that the tide in the affairs of men which leads to fortune was at the flood, I took it and followed.

I arrived at a glass case containing musical instruments. Memory returned. Last year our party had been convulsed with mirth at the appearance of an inoffensive, but visually revolting, instrument (?). We could not believe that music could emanate from such a vile phenomenon. It had the appearance of a small irretrievably damaged orange box. Its sole appendages were three long pieces of wood with an appropriate number of lengths of rope or twisted reddish hair attached. Desolation hung over it. It was surrounded by an almost hysterical group of A.G.S. students, some of whom, it appeared, knew the way out.

While betaking ourselves stairwards we saw a door slightly ajar. A group of hungry-looking students approached it in their search for the refreshment room. One of them uncautiously pushed it. An effusive female voice bleated: "Oh! So you're interested in the history of art." The door closed. They were lost, as, probably, were their hopes of reaching their goal.

Strangely enough, we all gathered outside the building at 9.30 and departed for the 'bus station. Here, the late arrival of the 'bus gave me just time to lose twopence in a slot machine, making an average of fourpence ha'penny per year for this trip. And so we returned in a state of high spirits which even the necessity of paying full fare, and the thoughts of the absent caramel-wrapping machine, could not obliterate.

Memo for next year—take hammer for slot machine.

D. E. SALE.

### **SHE**

I wake up in the morning and go downstairs, and she greets me by bringing a cushion or a slipper, or perhaps a newspaper.

She sits by me while I eat my breakfast, and watches with her lovely big brown eyes.

When I get ready to go to school she wants to come with me, and when I go, she watches mournfully from the window. All through the morning she waits patiently for my return, hoping that the time will pass quickly. When she hears me walking up the drive she runs to the door and tries to get out. I open the door and she goes quite mad, and she brings me anything in sight.

When homework and tea are over we go for a long walk over the fields. We look for rabbits and scare the pigeons, and we play hide and seek in the long grass.

When we get back, she goes straight to the fire to get warm, and I soon join her. We play together for the rest of the evening, or she will

sleep peacefully, with her nose half way up the chimney. Later she creeps into her corner and falls sound asleep.

She is my lovable dog, Sue.

CHRISTINE BAYLIS (IIA).

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**"ROLL ON, SUMMER!"**

Now Christmas is over,  
There's nothing ahead.  
There are no Christmas parties,  
No staying in bed.  
There are no jolly snowfights;  
Down slides we would—RUSH.  
Now the snow has all gone,  
Leaving nothing but slush!

But soon 'twill be spring, and  
The flowers will all bloom.  
The world will emerge from  
This feeling of gloom.  
The birds will return from  
Those lands far away,  
The clouds will fade out  
And the sun shine all day.

ANNE ASHTON (IIIA).

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**MY PET**

My pet is a small black and white kitten. She is very playful, and loves to play with the tap in the kitchen. If it is dripping she loves to sit in the sink and lick away the water; she also sits and paws at the water. She does not drink milk, but instead, she likes a glass of water to play with and drink at the same time.

In the morning my father always gets up first and as soon as she sees the door leading to the stairs is open, she bounds up to my mother to tell her to get up. She also sits on top of mummy until she moves. When she has got my mother up, she comes and paws my face and pulls my hair until I get up and play with her.

She likes you to run round with some string trailing behind you, so that she can play with it. Another thing she likes to play with is a nut left over from Christmas, or a ball of silver paper. When she has tired herself and it is getting late, we put her in her box, which has an old cushion in it, and she goes to sleep until morning.

DAPHNE HALL (IIB).

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**OUR OLD PET**

Our pet in Africa was a wart hog. Her name was Myrtle, and she would come when called. She was a very curious animal, with tusks coming from her jaws. Her body was shaped like a pig's, and her tail was short. Her head was covered with warts, from which she got her name. She lived in a hut in the back garden.

When we had an American professor of entomology and his wife having tea with us, Myrtle suddenly dashed in. All was confusion as she scuttled hither and thither over the tea table. The ladies present shrieked and stood on their chairs. She was finally captured by Genason, our house boy, but could not go until the professor had examined her to see if she had any insects about her. He said she was perfectly clean.

When she grew older she grew savage, so we had to kill her. The Africans were so fond of pork that every bit of Myrtle was eaten and only the tusks and hard skull were left.

J. WARD (IB).

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### FOOLISH DOG!

Our bulldog is named Gussie. Gussie is fully grown now, but I wish to relate an incident of his puppy life.

One early morning Gussie bounced in. He was in one of his playful moods. He started his morning by chasing the cat. All over the house they went, knocking over chairs and tables, smashing plates, cups and saucers, and altogether wrecking the place.

After breakfast Gussie seemed to have calmed down, but this was only a ruse, as we soon found out. When we let the cat out to have some exercise, Gussie also slipped out, unnoticed, and made a bee-line for the neighbour's hen pens. It was not for a few minutes that we realised he was absent, but when we did we rushed out to see where he was. My father suddenly had an idea of where the pup might have gone. He stalked towards the hen pens. He was met, however, by the foolish dog. Gussie was absolutely bristling with feathers. There were feathers in his mouth where he had taken hold of a large white cockerel, to whom I now take off my hat. That night Gussie just would not sit down.

G. MERTENS (IIB).

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### PRIZE LIST, 1954-55

On Speech Day certificates were presented to successful candidates in the Oxford G.C.E., as recorded in the December magazine. The following presentations were also made:—

Head Boy's Prize—Davis.

Head Girl's Prize—Pat Palmer.

Form Prizes—*Form VI (upper)*: Davis, Cleeton; *Form VI (lower)*: Ann Swinglehurst, Beryl Pope, Jane Rawbone; *Form Va*: Ann Freeman, Pinfield, Sale, Marcia Gale; *Form Vb*: Hawthorne; *Form IVa*: Jill Burford, Rouse; *Form IVb*: Tagger; *Form IIIa*: Bailey ii, Sheila Woodhouse, Jennifer Weaver; *Form IIIb*: Norma Hemming, Janet Dugmore; *Form IIa*: Eileen Such, Enid Jenkins, Juliet Ross; *Form IIb*: Beale, Joan Collier, Yvonne Westwood; *Form Ia*: Elizabeth Coveney, Jean Pirie, Canning, Janet Wilshaw; *Form Ib*: Virginia Bell, Day, Hemming.

Progress Prizes—Dyke ii, Harris ii, Danks.  
 Spencer Cup (for best result in G.C.E.)—Davis.  
 Mason Cup (for best pupil in Middle School)—Bailey ii.  
 Scout Cup—Tiger Patrol (Patrol Leader, Banfield).

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### OXFORD EXAMINATIONS FOR GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

The following pupils, who sat at the Coventry centre, obtained certificates on the results of the December examinations:—

#### SIXTH FORM

P. M. Apperley, *Latin*; G. D. Birch, *Physics*; M. P. Finnemore, *French*;  
 M. J. Harrison, *French*; R. C. Lewis, *Mathematics*; M. B. Lowe, *Chemistry*.

#### FIFTH FORM

J. L. Bennett, *Geography*, *Mathematics*; J. M. Burden, *Art*.

All these subjects were taken at Ordinary Level.

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### BARNARDO HELPERS' LEAGUE

Each year, for the past eight years, our total has risen, and now we have come to expect an increase. When Miss Phillips announces the result of the box collections, I certainly hope we are proved right again in November, 1956.

Our total contributions for 1955 amounted to £67 14s. 0d.; these included a special collection of £14 3s. 6d. for the Christmas Tree Fund, and the membership fees of 23 new members. Now we have 110 members, including a number of Old Scholars, to whom we are very grateful. We were all very pleased that Jill Kempster was awarded a Long-Service Badge to mark the completion of ten years' membership. Those who gained the Short-Service Badge were: Anita Bird, Pat Cund, Diane Day, Audrey East, A. Edmonds, Lynette Gray, Helen Pardoe, Jacqueline Steatham, Rita Taylor and Jennifer Weaver. They have done splendidly.

I should like, once more, to thank all members for bringing in their boxes so promptly and all those, including non-members, who collected for the Special Fund. I am sure you all helped to earn for me the St. Christopher Badge which I was so delighted to receive from Miss Phillips, together with a message of thanks from Headquarters to our branch of the League.

H.M.H.

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### AEROMODELLING SOCIETY

There are about twenty members who have now completed models of aeroplanes or gliders. After their usual disasters many repairs were entailed, but some models flew successfully. In the radio section, one small crystal set and a one-valve set are now working.

### THE CHESS CLUB

Sheppard was the winner of the "knock-out" competition which was played last term, beating Bailey in the final. The first two positions in the "Ladder" Competition have been reversed since last term, Bailey now occupying the top rung.

Once again we are holding a "knock-out" competition, and the opening rounds were played after half-term. We hope to announce the winner in next term's RECORD.

Much keenness is shown by the members, some of whom play games during the dinner hour in a form-room reserved for this use.

M. BAILEY.

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### DRAMATIC SOCIETY

*President* : M. Lowe.

*Secretary* : Lewis i.

*Treasurer* : Bailey i.

*Social Secretary* : Bates.

This term, although many of the "veterans" have departed, a full complement has been maintained through the entrance of enthusiastic new members, who are endeavouring to maintain the high standard of their predecessors.

The "rota" system of organising the Friday afternoon activities is still used to ensure a fair distribution of work. Each week, Miss Young writes a criticism of the afternoon's activities and offers constructive advice. We all greatly benefit from her efforts, which have made a marked difference in the standard of organisation.

Unfortunately, owing to Miss Young's illness, we were unable to hold our Annual Christmas Party and Play, but hope to revive the custom next year.

MURIEL LOWE.

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### THE COUNTRY DANCE SOCIETY

*Secretary* : J. Rawbone.

*Treasurer* : B. Pope.

*Committee* : A. Swinglehurst, R. Highman, S. Hunt.

This term the record-player seems to have repented of its former waywardness and has behaved perfectly each Friday afternoon, so enabling us to add several new dances to our repertoire of familiar favourites. Many of the latter were chosen by Society members when we held a request afternoon on February 3rd. This proved extremely popular and we hope to hold others in the future.

Both the Senior and Junior parties at the end of last term were very successful. The microphone, which was kindly lent to us by Hanson's for the Junior Party, greatly facilitated the task of maintaining some

semblance of order. At the Senior Party, Ruth Highman was a very efficient M.C. The demonstration dances, "Fandango" and "Shepherd's Holiday," were performed, much to our relief, without a hitch. This was mainly due to the patient instruction of Miss Hewitt. We would like to thank Mr. Jenkins for loaning his record-player for the Senior Party.

BERYL POPE.

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### SCOUTS

The Troop's activities have been somewhat restricted this term owing to the weather conditions. Steady progress has been maintained in Tenderfoot, Second Class and Morse instruction.

At the end of July some members of the Troop are hoping to go camping in South Wales. The Scout Cup for this year has been won by the Tiger Patrol (Patrol Leader, T. Bamfield).

B.R.M.

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### THE GUIDE COMPANY

At the beginning of this year we had the pleasure of a visit by Miss Melville, the Divisional Commissioner, and Miss Taverner, the County Commissioner, to one of our meetings. Miss Melville enrolled our recruits, and now the majority of the Company are working for first and second class badges. On February 25th we are entering for a competition of the Guide Companies in the district, for which we have been working hard for some weeks. Early this year we received an extremely interesting magazine from the Australian Guides at Gympie in Queensland. Our meetings are held in the art room, on Friday afternoons, when, after inspection, we usually do patrol work, and finish our meeting with a game and Taps.

IRENE BENFIELD (*Company Leader*).

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### A.G.S. PLATOON, 7/11th BN. ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGT., ARMY CADET FORCE

The training of cadets for Certificate "A", parts I and II, has continued throughout this term, and it is hoped that they will be ready to take the examination at the end of the summer term. On the 9th December last, seven cadets took part in a shooting contest, in which Cadet Batchelor and Sgt. Birch were classed as 2nd class shots, and L/Cpl. Stowe, L/Cpl. Broadley and Sgt. Oseland were classed as 1st class shots.

During the Christmas holidays Cadets Batchelor and Hartill attended a week's course at Kimmel Park Camp near Rhyl, at which they gained useful knowledge concerning motor transport, and were both successful in passing their Cert. "T" examination.

At the beginning of this term Cadets Hartill and Batchelor were promoted to lance corporals, and L/Cpls. Stowe and Broadley were promoted to the rank of corporal.

Sgt. OSELAND.

### FOOTBALL

*Captain, First XI* : Bates.

*Captain, Under-15 XI* : Gill.

*Secretary* : Lewis i.

Since the last RECORD was published, the First Eleven has lost only one game of the five played, with one game drawn. The First Eleven has three more games to play this term.

The Under-fifteen Eleven has not been very successful this season, and while several heavy defeats have been suffered, only one game has been won. First Eleven calls have weakened the side.

The weather has interfered with our fixtures, and three double fixtures were cancelled.

We hope that next season's form will be as good as that of this present one.

### RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st XI *v.* Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), won, 4—1

*v.* Redditch C.H.S. (home), drawn, 3—3.

*v.* Birmingham University Geography Department(home), lost, 2—3.

A.G.S. Under 15 XI *v.* Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), lost, 0—11.

*v.* Bidford C.E.S. (home), lost, 0—3.

*v.* Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (home), lost, 1—6.

R. LEWIS.

### HOCKEY

*Captain* : R. Highman.

*Vice-Captain* : J. Rawbone.

*Secretary* : B. Pope.

During this term the bad weather has resulted in the cancellation of many practices, and the matches arranged with Hugh Clopton, Evesham, Chipping Campden, Bromsgrove and Worcester.

In December, for the first time, we met Solihull in a match, and it showed us to be inexperienced, but not lacking in determination.

The match against the Old Scholars proved to be a trying duel, both sides being determined to prevent a goalless draw, but neither team succeeding. This match and the one against Studley have been the two most enjoyable games of the term, the latter being won by the First Eleven 1—0.

We would like to thank all who have helped with the refreshments before the matches; and B. Pope, who has been responsible for the fixtures.

The School has been represented by:—

First Eleven: M. Scott; B. Pope, J. Dugmore; J. Holt, A. Swinglehurst, J. Bullock; R. Highman, C. Down, E. Gregory, J. Rawbone, S. Hunt.



Second Eleven: F. Jackson; A. Grosvenor, P. Spencer; A. Holt, M. Norden, G. Clews; P. Fowler, J. Jordan, J. Burford, S. Dyson, B. Jones.

### RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st XI *v.* Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost, 0—1.  
     *v.* Old Scholars (home), drawn, 0—0.  
     *v.* Studley College (home), won, 1—0.  
 A.G.S. 2nd XI *v.* Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost, 0—5.

### NETBALL

*Captain* : J. Rawbone.      *Vice-Captain* : A. Swinglehurst.

We have not yet had any matches this term, but dinner-hour practices have been held as often as the weather has permitted. We proposed to send the first team to the South Warwickshire Netball Rally, on January 28th, but as only two other teams entered, we qualified for the County Rally, at Coventry, on February 25th, to which we are looking forward.

Our grateful thanks are extended to B. Pope, our games secretary, for being responsible for the fixtures, and to those who came on Saturday mornings to help with the refreshments.

JANE RAWBONE.

### SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS

The following details of matches played towards the end of last term could not be included in the December RECORD:—

#### FOOTBALL

- A.G.S. 1st XI *v.* Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI (home), won, 3—1.  
     *v.* Worcester T.H.S. (away), won, 8—4.  
     *v.* Old Scholars (home), drawn, 2—2.  
 A.G.S. Under 15 XI *v.* Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away), lost, 1—3.  
     *v.* Bidford C.E.S. (away), lost, 2—9.  
     *v.* Worcester T.H.S. (away), lost, 2—5.  
     *v.* Lodge Farm S.M.S. (home), lost, 2—6.

#### HOCKEY

- A.G.S. 1st XI *v.* Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), lost, 0—1.  
     *v.* Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (home), won, 5—0.  
     *v.* Solihull G.H.S. (home), lost, 0—3.  
 A.G.S. 2nd XI *v.* Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), drawn, 1—1.  
     *v.* Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (home), won, 6—1.  
 A.G.S. "A" XI *v.* Worcester G.G.S. (away), drawn, 1—1.

A.G.S. 2nd and Junior XI *v.* Solihull G.H.S. (home), lost, 0—2.

E. Jenkins, R. Bluck, G. Draycott, C. Baylis and E. Coveney have also represented the School.

#### NETBALL

- A.G.S. 1st VII *v.* Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away), lost, 11—17.  
 A.G.S. 2nd VII *v.* Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away), lost, 11—18.  
 A.G.S. Under 15 VII *v.* Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away), lost, 2—11.  
     *v.* Silver Street S.S. (home), lost, 11—13.  
 A.G.S. Under 14 VII *v.* Silver Street S.S. (home), lost 4—14.

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